

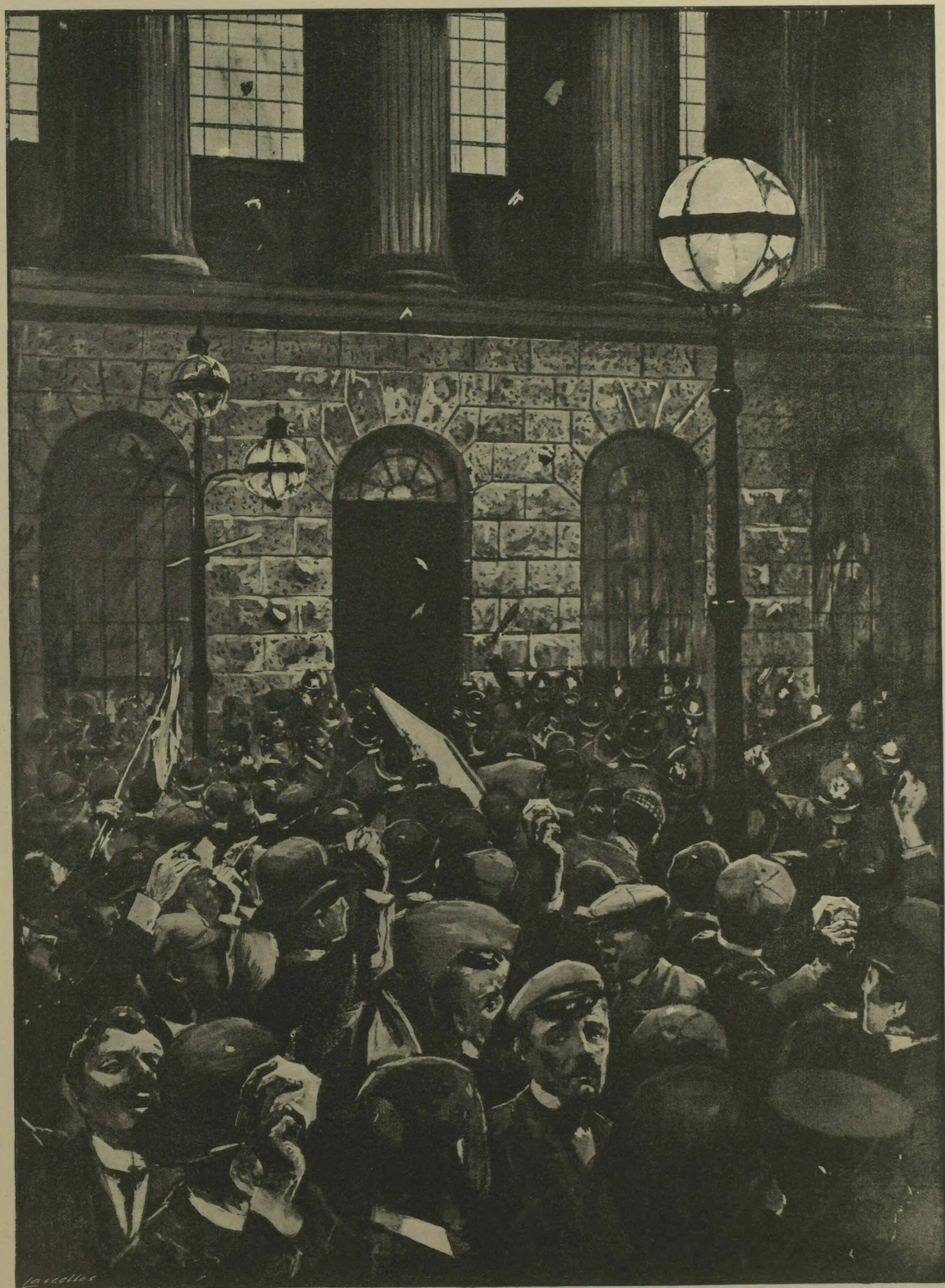
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3271.—VOL. CXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

WITH CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT
IN COLOURS SIXPENCE.



THE POLITICAL RIOT AT BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL DURING MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S MEETING, DECEMBER 18: THE BÂTON-CHARGE BY THE POLICE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, FROM SKETCHES SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. BANKS, BIRMINGHAM.

The rioters battered in one of the doors with a notice-board torn from the outer wall of the hall, and left not a pane of glass in the lower windows. The lamps were all smashed and extinguished.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The compliments of the season have brought me a post-card from Utrecht signed "B." I seem to recognise the Roman hand of my old friend Professor Bettinck. "What a Merry Christmas you will have!" says he; and he thinks evidently that I must spend it in gloating over the "murdered children" in the concentration camps. "Herod has been a pitiful bungler. Still some months of war, and the Dutch-speaking people of South Africa will be exterminated by British generosity, humanity, civilisation." The Professor's mind takes a leap into old English history. "Has Henry V. given to the starving of Rouen vitiated meat and contaminated water?" I infer that if Henry were conducting the military operations in South Africa, he would shame our present efforts to feed a hundred thousand refugees, who belong to the enemy. Lord Rosebery has spoken lately of the "unparalleled hatred" we have inspired in Europe. A courteous French writer (there is still courtesy in France) demurs to this. "Europe does not hate you," he says; "Europe has judged you." I have collected many curious specimens of this judgment. Professor Bettinck is an earnest contributor to my moral museum. His sincerity is beyond question, and I bear him no ill-will; but his competence to judge is based upon total inability to apprehend the simplest fact.

Lord Rosebery thinks that if the British Government, at the outbreak of a war forced upon us by the invasion of our territories, had issued a circular to the Powers, stating our case, this "unparalleled hatred" might have been averted. It is the illusion of a generous mind. No official circular could have choked the fountain of lies. A correspondent sends me a Dutch journal, *Het Vaderland*, which seeks to palliate the Boer outrages on the wounded at Bakenlaagte. If the Boers were not "very amiable," says this European judge, it was because the English had sent "a band of robbers" into their country, followed by "an overpowering army of civilised Christians, murdering and burning, and shutting the women and children in camps to cause a great mortality." As for our official reports, Professor Bettinck's countrymen need not trouble about them. "The whole world knows that the English lie." Our Colonial troops do not escape this impartial historian. The Australians will be interested to learn that they are "the greatest blackguards, and have conducted themselves in South Africa worse than barbarians." The Boers are "not angels" (a surprising reservation); but when we accuse them of "crimes and murders, that is lying. The Boers never do such things; it is not in them." Charming additions to that collection of mine! I should like to enrich it with a portrait of this judge, who is such a luminary in the Areopagus of Europe.

Before these lines are published Christmas dinners will have been eaten. I am not in time, therefore, with the great idea suggested to me by an article in an evening paper. The writer gave a striking account of a new food called "promon," which appears to give you the nutriment of strong meats without any digestive fatigue. You can make a banquet, it appears, with "promon," followed by boiled beans and apples. It is not claimed for this menu that it tickles a jaded palate; but it is stimulating to the brain. If you are a literary person, it gives you new ideas, and an extraordinary lightness of the head (please note that this is quite different from lightheadedness), which you do not enjoy after turkey and plum-pudding. Now, had I known this earlier, I could have urged my readers to try "promon" on Christmas Day, instead of the usual viands that set hospitable boards a-groaning. Conceive the entirely novel sensations of orphans on finding that the feast of beef and pudding provided once a year by charitable souls had made way for this experiment in scientific gastronomy!

Some enterprising manufacturer in America has lately sent me samples of what he calls a "solid thirst-quencher." It is not in the least like the "modest quencher" dear to Mr. Swiveller, for that was not solid. The idea of satisfying thirst with something which is not a fluid is a paradox that illustrates once again the surprising inventiveness of the American mind. In this backward island of ours, nobody would have ever thought of it. This "quencher" is a jujube which you carry in a match-box. Its convenience for convivial purposes is evident. Instead of taking a friend into a club (or some less reputable haunt) to give him a drink, the go-ahead American proffers his match-box; and having absorbed the "quencher" (which needs a little chewing), the friend produces his own match-box and returns the hospitality. In fine, it is like the custom of taking a friendly pinch from a neighbour's snuff-box in a bygone generation. Chicago, I have no doubt, has abolished cocktails, and takes the "solid quencher" as a fillip to good-fellowship and anecdote. The samples submitted to me have a powerful flavour of eucalyptus; and I must admit that the first friend whose thirst I endeavoured to quench called loudly for brandy. No importance need be attached to that. It merely shows the usual difficulty of ideas in England. In America, the enlightened citizen

swallows the eucalyptus jujube, and promptly declares the attractive contents of bottles and kegs to be fit only for that effete old Europe.

Mrs. Gallup's "solid thirst-quencher" ought to suffice for any man who yearns to drink deep at her Baconian spring. I have already suggested that the appearance of Bacon's typographical cypher in the third edition of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" is a considerable draught of the marvellous, seeing that it was inserted two years after his death, when he was presumably incapable of supervising printers. Mr. Marston has detected a still greater wonder. Bacon cyphered into Burton's book a translation of the "Iliad," which proves to be a bad paraphrase of Pope. Did Bacon's comprehensive genius anticipate a poet still unborn? Or did Pope master the cypher, and steal from Bacon? I fancy that Mrs. Gallup and her admirers will adopt the latter alternative, and proceed to show that Pope's ideas, and even his phrases, were stolen wholesale from the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth. But some of us would be more impressed if Mrs. Gallup would boldly maintain that Bacon was Pope, as well as Shakspeare, and all the literary Elizabethans. And why not ask us to believe that he was equally the offspring of Elizabeth and Queen Anne? He was kept out of his own when Elizabeth died, for, by rights, he ought to have been our Francis I.; and when the cypher yields up all its treasures, he will be found bitterly complaining that, as the legitimate son of Anne, he was robbed of the Crown by the Hanoverians.

Let me suggest to the editors of the entertaining "Dictionary of Irrational Biography" that for the next volume of their "Lives of the 'Lustrous'" they should engage Mrs. Gallup as a contributor. In the Life of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth (the gem of the collection) there is a passage that might have come from her practised hand: "Owing to his extraordinary likeness to Napoleon I. he was forbidden, by a special decree of the Chamber, to enter France." Now, if Bacon could skip so far ahead of his time as to write Pope, why should not Napoleon conduct the *Daily Mail*? If Mrs. Gallup will devote her penetrating intellect to the Emperor's bulletins, she will find a cypher that proves the relation between Mr. Harmsworth and Napoleon to be a good deal closer than that "extraordinary likeness."

A Russian critic has mildly complained that in "Kim" Mr. Kipling is unjust to Russian astuteness. The point of the story is that the Indian secret service is a match for alien machinations. Two travellers, a Russian and a Frenchman, enter India on a surveying expedition, induce some small native potentates to write treasonable letters, make elaborate maps of the country, and accumulate a mass of compromising documents which fall into the hands of agents of the Indian Government. The Russian and his companion have no suspicion of the insinuating Bengali who attaches himself to their party; and the Russian makes a brutal and unprovoked assault on the aged lama who is protected by the watchful Kim. The native escort of the travellers bolts with their baggage, and Kim is able to secure all the papers. According to the Russian critic, no countryman of his, engaged in such a delicate affair, could be guilty of such bungling. It seems incredible that a Russian emissary, familiar with Asiatics, would rouse them to fury by an outrage on a priest in a country where the holy man is held in peculiar veneration. Of the wanderings of Kim and his lama Mr. Kipling has made an Indian Odyssey which is delightful. Many pages of this book are of the best he has written; but the spell breaks in his hand when he turns from his vignettes of native character and his brilliant sketches of Himalayan landscape to show us his hero, "thoughtful, wise, and courteous, but something of a small imp," in a melodramatic encounter with Russian guile, which is not guile, but foolishness.

It is something noteworthy to have an accurate knowledge of what a man will do in given circumstances; but I have come across a philosopher who undertakes to guarantee the morality of animals. "A good man," he writes, "seeks the well-being of men; a good tiger seeks the well-being of tigers." It is superficial to speak of lions or tigers seeking what or whom they may devour. You must remember that the altruistic tiger acts for the benefit of his kind much as a philanthropist acts for the good of humanity. "That living thing, moreover, which, having the power and opportunity to be immoral, refrains, consciously or unconsciously, from using such power and opportunity, is a moral thing." This reminds me of Kim and the cobra. The cobra lifted its head in a mood of hostile speculation; but when the lama passed within a foot of it, the holy man was unscathed, and when Kim mustered courage for the same adventure, the cobra merely looked on. Here you have an extremely offensive creature forgetting that man is its natural enemy, and forbearing to take two men off the census. The cobra rose to the supreme moral plane, for Kim wanted to break its neck with a stick. Happily, that weapon was not in his hand; and Mr. Kipling, consciously or unconsciously, has taught a moral lesson, not usually associated with serpents.

CAROLS.

The word "carol" can be traced back to the seventh century, where in St. Ouen's "Life of St. Eligius, Bishop of Noyau," written about the year 672, carols are classed with balls, dances, diabolical songs, and such like secular amusements, thus showing that carols were not always associated with the Nativity and other similar sacred subjects. In 1626 we find Nicholas Breton referring to the Christmas carol, but information relating to the first collection of "caralls" was known over 150 years before, from the last leaf of a volume printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, which Brand described as festal chansons for enlivening the merriment of the Christmas-time. From the earliest times the people have indulged in carolling, and an old poem, dating from the early part of the fifteenth century, thus makes allusion to the then already ancient custom of singing carols in church—

A wooden child is on the altar set,
About the which both boys and girls do dance and trimly jet;
And carols sing in praise of Christ, and for to help them here
The organs answer every verse with sweet and solemn cheer.

Referring to the before-mentioned secular carols, one of the best specimens thereof is to be found in the "Townely Mysteries," which commences thus—

Herkyne, herdes, awake, gyf loving ye shalle,
He is borne for your sake, Lirde perpetuelle;
He is comen to take and rawson you alle,
Youre sorrowe to slake, Kynge imperialle,
He beliestys.

That Childe is borne
At Bethlehem this morne;
Ye shalle finde Hym beforne

Betwixt two bestys.

This carol dates from the fourteenth century. A very good specimen of the ancient sacred carol is the one commencing thus—

Criste is nowen born of a pure mayde,
In an oxe-stalle he ys layde,
Wherfor syng we alle atte abrayde
Nowell.

The practice of singing carols, or, at any rate, of sacred music in honour of the birth of the Saviour, dates back for a considerable period, and there appears to be but very little doubt that at first the Christmas songs were purely devotional; but after they came to be commingled with the secular airs, they were interdicted by the clergy as early as the fourth century, being revived at a later date by the Anglo-Saxon Kings, though in their composition the carols did not show any great improvement. "Nowells," as they were called in England, are, on the whole, peculiar as well as interesting. One, of the time of Henry VI., which has been preserved, has two sets of words, one secular and one sacred, the latter beginning thus—

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
This is the salutation of the Angell Gaberyell.

A note appended to this song runs as follows: "This is the Tewyn for the song foloying. If so be that ye wyll have another Tewyn, it may be at your pleasure, for I have set all the song." The "song foloying" referred to is in praise of good ale, and is evidently a parody on the carol. The melody is quaint and archaic, and the union of solemn church-like music with roystering words is curious, and only goes to show that human nature four hundred years ago was very much like what it is now. It is on record that when King Henry VII. kept his Christmas at Greenwich, the King and those of the King's Chapel were seated in the middle of the hall, and immediately after the first course of the dinner they "sang a carol." A manuscript in the British Museum carries the practice back to the days of the Anglo-Normans in the carol commencing—

Now, lordlings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care.
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassel keeps to-day,
And as King of all good fellows
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

This is a secular carol, and in contrast thereto may be cited the devotional carol of "The Virgin and Child," dating from the fifteenth century, which opens thus—

This endris night
I saw a sight—
A star as bright as day;
And ever among
A maiden sung
Lullay, by by, lullay.

Further on, the Virgin is represented as pleading for the "mirth of the honest" thus—

Now, sweet Son, since it is so, all things are at thy will,
I pray thee grant to me a boon if it be right and skill—
That child or man,
That will or can,
Be merry upon my day;
To bliss them bring,
And I shall sing,
Lullay, by by, lullay.

As before mentioned, the earliest printed collection of Christmas carols was issued from the press of Wynkyn

de Worde in 1521. It contains, among others, the well-known carol, "Bringing in the Bear's Head," which, with innovations, is still sung with some degree of ceremony on Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford.

One of the very best carols in the English language, the origin of which has been lost in the mists of antiquity, is the following, entitled "A Virgin Most Pure," running thus—

But when they had entered the city so far,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all.

Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

The King of all Glory to the world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was wrought,
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox-manger she laid him to sleep.

Many of the carols are still sung to their traditional tunes, and they comprise the majority of the better-known compositions. Belonging to the same period as the "Virgin and Child" are "Lullay, thou tiny little child," "In Excelsis Gloria," "Nowell," and the "Virgins Seven," the first verse of which runs thus—

All under the leaves and the leaves of life,
I met with Virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

Some of the earliest carols are in macaronic verse, a mixture of Latin with the ordinary language, of which the following hymn, written during the reign of Henry VIII., is a very fair specimen—

Now make us ioye in this faste,
In quo Xtus natus est,
A patre unigenitus
Ic song may Deus cam till us,
Syng we to hym, and say wel come,
Veni redemptor gentium.

One of the most popular of the English carols, "I saw three ships come sailing in," dates about a century later than the "Virgins Seven," in which period some very fine carols were produced, among them "God rest you, merry gentlemen," "The Babe in Bethlehem's manger laid," and the "Cherry-Tree Carol," all of which are still sung to their sixteenth-century melodies. The oldest version of the "Three Ships" carol starts as follows—

There comes a ship far sailing then,
Saint Michel was the stierés-man,
Saint John sat in the horn;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of Heaven they rang
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Of course, as is well known, many of our poets—notably Warton and Herrick—allude to carols and carol-singing; and in many parts of the United Kingdom peculiar local customs were associated with these carols. Further reference to these, however, is not necessary on this occasion.

A useful contribution to musical literature has been made by Mr. Ralph Lyon, one of the masters at Malvern College, in the form of a cantata entitled "A Legend of Floramar," which was produced at the annual college concert. The music is written round a capital book of romantic lyrics by Florence Perugini Campbell, and is founded on an old Japanese legend. Mr. Lyon has been fortunate in securing so excellent and romantic a book for his music, and he has not failed to profit by the adjunct, and we feel there is little doubt that "A Legend of Floramar" will speedily become a favourite with the various musical and choral societies, who are always on the look-out for suitable new works for the purpose.

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SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

There is nothing so absolutely enduring as the accepted ideal of Christmas, and nothing which is more consistently lived up to by public entertainers, among whom the Press may at this time of the year claim to take rank. Once again we welcome the artists who have pressed their talent into the service of the "festive season" to show us all the seasonable games and junkettings which compose the Christmas revels. At the theatres, too, the usual Yuletide productions have been in active preparation, and this year again we have to notice in several instances the influence of that refining spirit which has exalted ancient pantomime into the poetical fairy play. But this, of course, means no disparagement of the time-honoured medley which may be styled "legitimate" pantomime. The children who were delighted with the more ethereal compositions welcome with equal pleasure the rollicking of clown and harlequin and the distressful story of butcher and policeman. Half a century or more has gone by since Tennyson, in the Prologue to the "Morte d'Arthur," complained how "all the old honour had from Christmas gone"; but that objection, it should be remembered, was not the poet's own—merely a characteristic expression put into the mouth of one who was feeling a little weary of the stress of life. It is somewhat inconsistent, for just before the grumbling conversation begins there is ample evidence that the persons of the dialogue had been spending their Yule in the pleasantest traditional fashion:—

At Francis Allen's on the Christmas Eve,
The game of forfeits done, the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush, and past away;

so that we may probably suspect that had the girls stayed up a little longer there would have been no pessimism. We may therefore safely conclude that even now, when fogies begin to croak, it is only after the evening's fun has died out, and those who constituted the life of the party have retired. For our own part, it is in the most joyous spirit that we wish our readers the compliments of the season.

WORDSWORTH'S TREE IN WOOD STREET.

The famous plane-tree which inspired Wordsworth to his ballad, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," has been



A LITERARY LONDON LANDMARK IN DANGER: WORDSWORTH'S PLANE TREE
AT THE CORNER OF WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS.

endangered by a recent action of the London Consistory Court. The tree grows on the site of an ancient burial-ground, and the Court has just expunged from the deed surrendering the incumbent's right a condition that the land should not be built upon. It is to be hoped, however, that the site will not be occupied until the tree has died a natural death. As late as 1845 the rooks had a

colony in the tree, and it is said that even later than that a survivor of the community held solitary state there. He, however, the legend runs, fell ingloriously to the seven-and-sixpenny air-gun of a sporting clerk in Wood Street.

A LUGGAGE-LIFT.

Particularly at the Christmas season the hurrying passengers at Victoria Station, Manchester, must bless the ingenuity which has cleared the platforms of that terminus of that fearful Juggernaut, the luggage-trolley. The "overhead electric traveller" is a huge basket arrangement on wheels which moves on overhead lines across the station from point to point. It can be lowered to any desired platform, loaded, and then hoisted up to be conveyed to the exit of the station. By a reversal of the process, the luggage of departing passengers is brought to the vans.

THE BIRMINGHAM RIOT.

On the evening of Dec. 18, when Mr. Lloyd-George came to Birmingham to address a meeting in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Liberal Association, certain supporters of the Government created a serious obstruction. Early in the day it had become known that opposition might be expected, for the tickets had been forged, and this necessitated the issue of others bearing the secretary's signature. The precaution, however, was in vain, and from the hour of assembling it was evident that many enemies were in the hall. When the organist struck up "Men of Harlech," the tune was greeted with a storm of booing and hissing; and when Mr. Lloyd-George came on the platform he was not allowed a hearing. It is understood that he said: "This is rather lively for a peace-meeting," and for a time he gallantly strove to address the reporters. Matters, however, became very serious. The reporters' platform was carried by the rioters, and but for the sturdy efforts of a strong body of police, the speakers themselves would have been rushed. For a while they stood their ground, but at length when stones and pen-knives, accompanied by copper coin (these last probably to prevent the cutting of friendship), began to come through the windows, Mr. Lloyd-George was persuaded to retire. He ultimately made his escape from the hall in a police-inspector's uniform, and it is said that he marched out in line with a dozen officers. Outside in the streets there was severe fighting, and one youth was killed.



THE "TRAVELLER" AT WORK OVERHEAD.



THE "TRAVELLER" LOWERED TO THE PLATFORM.

A LUGGAGE-CARRIER: THE ELECTRIC OVERHEAD "TRAVELLER" AT VICTORIA STATION, MANCHESTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS.



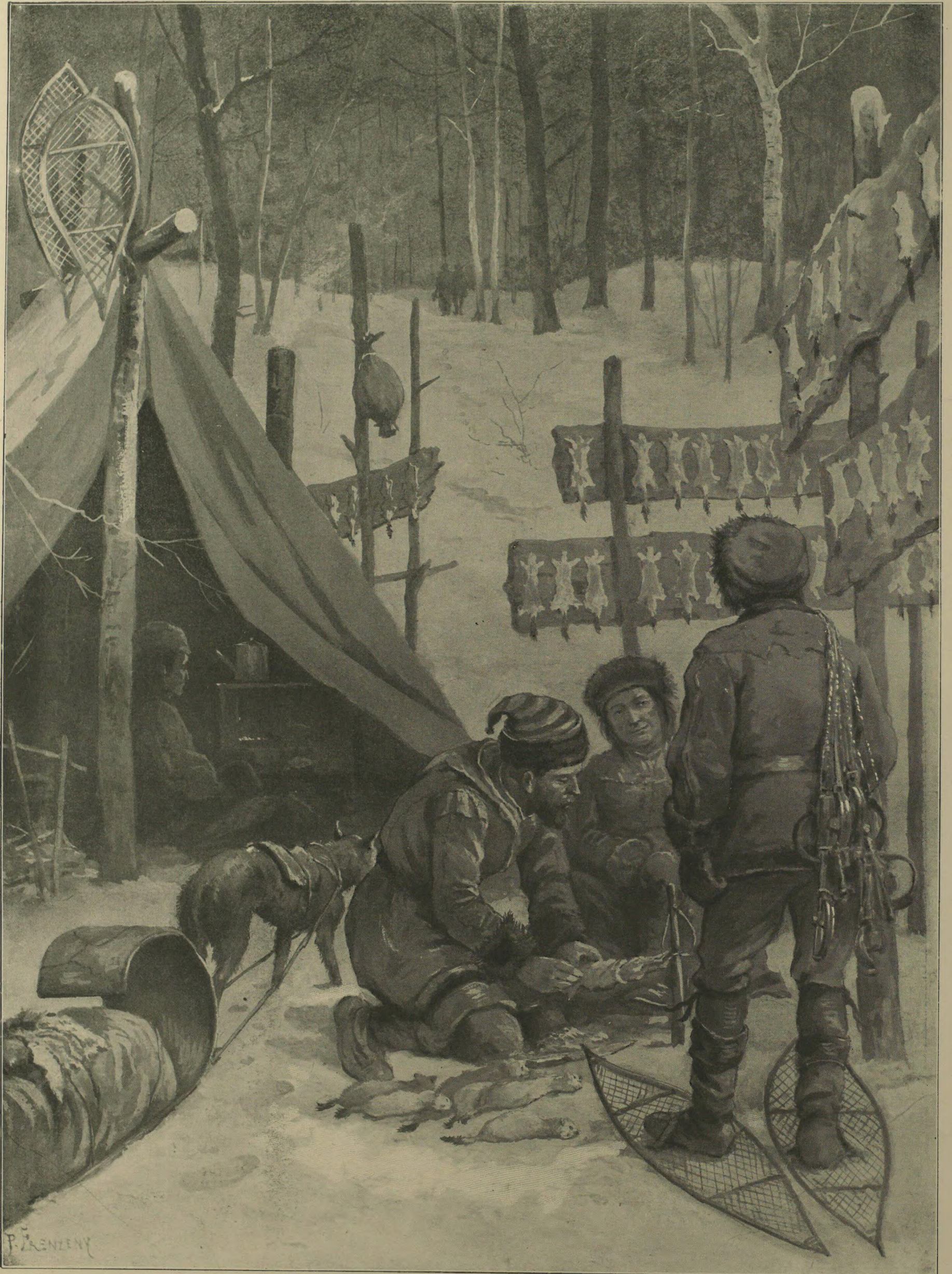
A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE EMPIRE: H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE," THE WAR-VESSEL CONTRIBUTED TO THE NAVY BY CAPE COLONY, AT PORTSMOUTH, DEC. 25.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

The "Good Hope" was due at Portsmouth on Christmas Eve to complete for sea. She is of the "Drake" type.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE CORONATION.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



WORKING FOR THE CORONATION IN CANADA: HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRAPPERS PREPARING ERMINE AND MINIVER PELTS.

The demand for the two furs, ermine and miniver, for the coming Coronation has raised the price for these commodities to four or five times the ordinary figure. In view of the unusual demand, the large fur companies have now issued orders to their stations in Hudson Bay Territory, Alaska, and Siberia for their trappers to set to work to bring in pelts as fast as possible. Miniver is the stoat with a full black tail; ermine that with a small tuft at the end of a white tail. The skins are stretched on birch bark cut from the trees in lateral sections.



Her Christmas dreams
Have all come true;
Stocking o'erflows
And likewise shoe.

"DID YOU SEE SANTA CLAUS, MOTHER?"

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

And when delight
Has found a pause,
She asks: "Did you
See Santa Claus?"



There is, philosophers declare,
A law of compensation,
Which soon or late with balance fair
Adjusts the situation;

“WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.”

DRAWN BY F. W. BURTON.

Though parting guests the landlord's till
Have slyly circumvented,
The coming guest will find his bill
In like degree augmented.



'Tis well enough on a Christmas night
High wassail in hall to hold,
Full snugly set in the warm firelight
With comrades true and bold;

THE STORY OF THE SPANISH TREASURE.
DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.

But when some ancient mariner tells
Of fights on the Spanish Main,
There's never a heart of us all but swells
To scour the seas again.



When Colin and Audrey heard footsteps behind them,
And darted apart with an innocent air,
Oh, why was no fairy at hand to remind them
That something was left "tête-à-tête" to declare?

A LINK OF EVIDENCE.
DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.

So there they sat, distant, a coolness pretending
That might have passed muster for once in a while,
Had the skirts of a mantle between them extending
Not told their disturbers the story of guile.



At the church stile
On a Yule morning—
Gallants of cunning wile,
Hear and take warning!

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.
DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.

Gallants were flattered by
Swift toll of kisses,
Till they discovered why
Hasted their misses.



In the old days of wooden walls,
Jack kept his Christmas free from rue,
Enlivened by the friendly calls
Of Moll or Meg or Black-eyed Sue.

CHRISTMAS ON A THREE-DECKER.
DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

She brought him seasonable cheer,
And when he sailed across the main,
With kind remembrance of his dear
He wished it Yuletide once again.

AMY FOSTER.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

PART III.

"At night, when he could not sleep, he kept on thinking of the girl who gave him the first piece of bread he had eaten in this foreign land. She had been neither fierce nor angry, nor frightened. Her face he remembered as the only comprehensible face amongst all these faces that were as closed, as mysterious, and as mute as the faces of the dead who are possessed of a knowledge beyond the comprehension of the living. I wonder whether the memory of her compassion prevented him from cutting his throat. But there! I suppose I am an old sentimentalist, and forget the instinctive love of life which it takes all the strength of an uncommon despair to overcome.

"He did the work which was given him with an intelligence which surprised old Rigby. By-and-by it was discovered that he could help at the ploughing, could milk the cows, feed the bullocks in the cattle-yard, and was of some use with the sheep. He began to pick up words, too, very fast; and suddenly, one fine morning in spring, he rescued from an untimely death a grandchild of old Rigby.

"Rigby's younger daughter is married to Willcox, a solicitor and the Town Clerk of Colebrook. Regularly twice a year they come to stay with the old man for a few days. Their only child, a little girl not three years old at the time, ran out of the house alone in her little white pinafore, and, toddling across the grass of a terraced garden, pitched herself over a low wall head first, into the horsepond in the yard below.

"Our man was out with the wagoner and the plough in the field nearest to the house, and as he was leading the team round to begin a fresh furrow, he saw, through the gap of a gate, what for anybody else would have been a mere flutter of something white. But he had straight-glancing, quick, far-reaching eyes, that only seemed to flinch and lose their amazing power before the immensity of the sea. He was barefooted, and looking as outlandish as the heart of Rigby could desire. Leaving

the horses on the turn, to the inexpressible disgust of the wagoner, he bounded off, going over the ploughed ground in long leaps, and suddenly appeared before the mother, thrust the child into her arms, and strode away.

"The pond was not very deep; but still, if he had not had such good eyes, the child would have perished—miserably suffocated in the foot or so of sticky mud at the bottom. Old Rigby walked out slowly into the field, waited till the plough came over to his side, had a good look at him, and without saying a word went back to the

house. But from that time they laid out his meals on the kitchen table; and at first, Miss Rigby, all in black and with an inscrutable face, would come and stand in the doorway of the living-room to see him make a big sign of the cross before he fell to. I believe that from that day, too, Rigby began to pay him regular wages.

"I can't follow step by step his development. He had his hair short, was seen in the village and along the road going to and fro to his work like any other man. Children ceased to shout after him. He became aware of social

differences, but remained for a long time surprised at the bare poverty of the churches among so much wealth. He couldn't understand either why they were kept shut up most of the time. There was nothing to steal in them. Was it to keep people from praying too often? The rectory took much notice of him about that time, and I believe the young ladies attempted to prepare the ground for his conversion. They could not, however, break him of his habit of crossing himself, but he went so far as to take off the string with a couple of brass medals the size of a sixpence, a tiny metal cross, and a square sort of scapulary which he wore round his neck. He hung them on the wall by the side of his bed, and he was still to be heard every evening reciting aloud the Lord's Prayer, in incomprehensible words and in a slow, fervent tone, as he had heard his old father do at the head of all the kneeling family, big and little, on every evening of his life. And though he wore corduroys at work, and a stop-made, pepper-and-salt suit on Sundays, strangers would turn round to look after him on the roads. His foreignness had a peculiar and indelible stamp. At last people became used to see him. But they never became used to him. His rapid, skimming walk; his swarthy complexion; the hat cocked on the left ear; his habit, on warm evenings, of wearing his coat over one shoulder, like a hussar's dolman; his manner of leaping over the stiles, not as a feat of agility, but in the ordinary course of progression—all these



She heard him call twice after her down the road in a terrible voice—and fled.

peculiarities were, as one may say, so many causes of scorn and offence to the inhabitants of the village. *They* wouldn't in their dinner-hour lie flat on their backs on the grass to stare at the sky. Neither did they go about the fields screaming dismal tunes. Many times have I heard his high-pitched voice from behind the ridge of some sloping sheep-walk, a voice light and soaring, like a lark's, but with a melancholy human note, over our fields that hear only the heartless song of birds. And I would be startled myself. Ah! He was different: innocent of heart, and full of good will, which nobody wanted, this castaway, that, like a man transplanted into another planet, was separated by an immense space from his past and by an immense ignorance from his future. His quick, fervent utterance positively shocked everybody. 'An excitable devil,' they called him. One evening, in the tap-room of the Coach and Horses (having drunk some whisky), he upset them all by singing a love-song of his country. They hooted him down, and he was pained; but Preble, the lame wheelwright, and Vincent, the fat blacksmith, and the other notables, too, wanted to drink their evening beer in peace. On another occasion he tried to show them how to dance. The dust rose in clouds from the sanded floor; he leaped straight up amongst the deal tables, struck his feet together, squatted on one heel in front of old Preble, shooting out the other leg, uttered wild and exulting cries, jumped up to whirl on one foot, snapping his fingers above his head—and a strange carter who was having a drink in there began to swear, and cleared out with his half-pint in his hand into the bar. But when suddenly he sprang upon a table and continued to dance among the glasses, the landlord interfered. He didn't want any 'acrobat tricks in the tap-room.' They laid their hands on him. Having had a glass or two, Mr. Rigby's foreigner tried to expostulate: was ejected forcibly: got a black eye.

"I believe he felt the hostility of his human surroundings. But he was tough—tough in spirit, too, as well as in body. Only the memory of the sea frightened him, with that vague terror that is left by a bad dream. His home was far away; and he did not want now to go to America. I had often explained to him that there is no place on earth where true gold can be found lying ready and to be got for the trouble of the picking up. How then, he asked, could he ever return home with empty hands when there has been sold a cow, two ponies, and a bit of land to pay for his going? His eyes would fill with tears, and, averting them from the immense shimmer of the sea, he would throw himself face down on the grass. But sometimes, cocking his hat with a little conquering air, he would defy my wisdom. He had found his bit of true gold. That was Amy Foster's heart: which was 'a golden heart, and soft to peoples' misery,' he would say in the accents of overwhelming conviction.

"He was called Yanko. He had explained that this meant little John; but as he would also repeat very often that he was a mountaineer (some word sounding in the dialect of his country like Goorall) he got it for his surname. And this is the only trace of him that the succeeding ages may find in the marriage register of the parish. There it stands—Yanko Goorall—in the rector's handwriting, and the crooked cross made by the cast-away, a cross whose tracing no doubt seemed to him the most solemn part of the whole ceremony; and this is all that remains now to perpetuate the memory of his name.

"His courtship had lasted some time—ever since he got his precarious footing in the community. It began by him buying for Amy Foster a green satin ribbon in Darnford. This was what you did in his country. You bought a ribbon at a Jew's stall on a fair-day. I don't suppose the girl knew what to do with it, but he seemed to think that his honourable intentions could not be mistaken.

"It was only when he declared his purpose to get married that I fully understood how, for a hundred futile and inappreciable reasons, how—shall I say odious?—he was to all the countryside. Every old woman in the village was up in arms. Smith, coming upon him near the farm, promised to break his head for him if he found him about again. But he twisted his little black moustache with such a bellicose air and rolled such big, black, fierce eyes at Smith that this promise came to nothing. Smith, however, told the girl that she must be mad to take up with a man who was surely wrong in his head. All the same, when she heard him in the gloaming whistle from beyond the orchard a couple of bars of a weird and mournful tune, she would drop whatever she had in her hand—she would leave Mrs. Smith in the middle of a sentence—and she would run out to his call. Mrs. Smith called her a shameless hussy. She answered nothing. She said nothing at all to anybody, and went on her way as if she had been deaf. She and I alone in all the land, I fancy, could see his very real beauty. He was very good-looking of face, and most graceful in his bearing, with that something wild as of a woodland creature in his aspect. Her mother moaned over her dismally whenever the girl came to see her on her day out. The father was surly, but pretended not to know. And Mrs. Finn once told her plainly that 'this man, my dear, will do you some harm yet some day.' And so it went on. They could be seen on the roads, she tramping stolidly in her finery—grey dress, black feather, stout boots, prominent white cotton gloves that caught your eye a hundred yards away; and he, his coat slung picturesquely over one shoulder, pacing by her side, gallant of bearing and casting tender glances upon the girl with the golden heart. I wonder whether he saw how plain she was. Perhaps among types so different from what he had ever seen, he had not the power to judge; or perhaps he was seduced by the divine quality of her pity.

"Yanko was in great trouble meantime. In his country you get an old man for an ambassador in marriage affairs. He did not know how to proceed. However, one day in the midst of sheep in a field (he was now Rigby's under-shepherd with Foster) he took off his hat to the father and declared himself humbly. 'I daresay

she's fool enough to marry you,' was all Foster said. 'And then,' he used to relate, 'he puts his hat on his head, looks black at me as if he wanted to cut my throat, whistles the dog, and off he goes, leaving me to do the work.' The Fosters, of course, didn't like to lose the wages their daughter earned; Amy used to give all her money to her mother. But there was in Foster a very genuine aversion to that match. He used to say that the fellow was very good with sheep, but was not fit for any girl to marry. For one thing, he used to go along the hedges muttering to himself like a dam' fool; and then, these foreigners behave very queerly to women sometimes. And perhaps he would want to carry her off somewhere—or run off himself. It was not safe. He preached it to his daughter that the fellow might ill-use her in some way. She made no answer. It was, they said in the village, as if the man had done something to her. People discussed the matter. It was quite an excitement, and the two went on 'walking out' together in the face of opposition. Then something unexpected happened.

"I don't know whether old Rigby ever understood how much he was regarded in the light of a father by his foreign retainer. Anyway, the relation was curiously feudal. So when Yanko asked formally for an interview—and the Miss too' (he called the severe, deaf Miss Rigby simply *Miss*)—it was to obtain their permission to marry. Rigby heard him unmoved, dismissed him by a nod, and then shouted the intelligence into Miss Rigby's best ear. She showed no surprise, and only remarked grimly, in a veiled blank voice, 'He certainly won't get any other girl to marry him.'

"It is Miss Rigby who has all the credit of the munificence; but in a very few days it came out that Mr. Rigby had presented Yanko with a cottage (the cottage you've seen this morning) and something like an acre of ground—had made it over to him in absolute property. Willcox expedited the deed, and I remember him telling me he had a great pleasure in making it ready. It recited: 'In consideration of saving the life of my beloved grandchild, Bertha Willcox.'

"Of course, after that no power on earth could prevent them from getting married.

"Her infatuation endured. People saw her going out to meet him in the evening, staring with unblinking, fascinated eyes up the road where he was expected to appear, walking freely, with a swing from the hip, and humming one of the love-tunes of his country. When the boy was born, he got elevated at the Coach and Horses, essayed again a song and a dance, and was again ejected. People expressed their commiseration for a woman married to that Jack-in-the-box. He didn't care. There was a man now (he told me boastfully) to whom he could sing and talk in the language of his country, and show how to dance by-and-by.

"But I don't know. To me he appeared to have grown less springy of step, heavier in body, less keen of eye. Imagination, no doubt; but it seems to me now as if the net of fate had been drawn closer round him already.

"One day I met him on the footpath over the Talfourd Hill. He told me that 'women were funny.' I had heard already of domestic differences. People were saying that Amy Foster was beginning to find out what sort of man she had married. He looked upon the sea with indifferent, unseeing eyes. His wife had snatched the child out of his arms one day as he sat on the doorstep crooning to it a song such as the mothers sing to babies in his mountains. She seemed to think he was doing him some harm. Women are funny. And she had objected to him praying aloud in the evening. Why? He expected the boy to repeat the prayer aloud after him by-and-by, as he used to do after his old father when he was a child—in his own country. And I discovered he longed for their boy to grow up so that he could have a man to talk with in that language that to our ears sounded so disturbing, so passionate, and so bizarre. Why his wife should dislike the idea he couldn't tell. But that would pass, he said. And tilting his head knowingly, he tapped his breastbone to indicate that she had a good heart: not hard, not fierce, open to compassion, charitable to the poor!

"I walked away thoughtfully; I wondered whether his difference, his strangeness, were not penetrating with repulsion that dull nature they had begun by irresistibly attracting. I wondered. . . .

The Doctor came to the window and looked out at the frigid splendour of the sea, immense in the haze, as if enclosing all the earth with all the hearts lost among the passions of love and fear.

"Physiologically, now," he said, turning away abruptly, "it was possible. It was possible."

He remained silent. Then went on—

"At all events, the next time I saw him he was ill—lung trouble. He was tough, but I daresay he was not acclimatised as well as I had supposed. It was a bad winter; and, of course, these mountaineers do get fits of home sickness; and a state of depression would make him vulnerable. He was lying half dressed on a couch downstairs.

"A table covered with a dark oilcloth took up all the middle of the little room. There was a wicker cradle on the floor, a kettle spouting steam on the hob, and some child's linen lay drying on the fender. The room was warm, but the door opens right into the garden, as you noticed perhaps.

"He was very feverish, and kept on muttering to himself. She sat on a chair and looked at him fixedly across the table with her brown blurred eyes. 'Why don't you have him upstairs?' I asked. With a start and a confused stammer she said, 'Oh! ah! I couldn't sit with him upstairs, Sir.'

"I gave her certain directions; and going outside, I said again that he ought to be in bed upstairs. She wrung her hands. 'I couldn't. I couldn't. He keeps on saying something—I don't know what.' With the memory of all the talk against the man that had been dinned into her ears, I looked at her narrowly. I looked into her short-sighted eyes, at her dumb eyes that once in her life had seen an enticing shape, but seemed,

staring at me, to see nothing at all now. But I saw she was uneasy.

"What's the matter with him?' she asked in a sort of vacant trepidation. 'He doesn't look very ill. I never did see anybody look like this before. . . .

"Do you think, I asked indignantly, 'he is shamming?'

"I can't help it, Sir,' she said stolidly. And suddenly she clapped her hands and looked right and left. 'And there's the baby. I am so frightened. He wanted me just now to show him the baby. I can't understand what he says to it.'

"Can't you ask a neighbour to come in to-night?' I asked.

"Please, Sir, nobody seems to care to come,' she muttered, dully resigned all at once.

"I impressed upon her the necessity of the greatest care, and then had to go. There was a good deal of sickness that winter. 'Oh, I hope he won't talk!' she exclaimed softly just as I was going away.

"I don't know how it is I did not see—but I didn't. And yet, turning in my trap, I saw her lingering before the door, very still, and as if meditating a flight up the miry road.

"Towards the night his fever increased.

"He tossed, moaned, and now and then muttered a complaint. And she sat with the table between her and the couch, watching every movement and every sound, with the terror, the unreasonable terror, of that man she could not understand creeping over her. She had drawn the wicker cradle close to her feet. There was nothing in her now but the maternal instinct and that unaccountable fear.

"Suddenly coming to himself, parched, he demanded a drink of water. She did not move. She had not understood, though he may have thought he was speaking in English. He waited, looking at her, burning with fever, amazed at her silence and immobility, and then he shouted impatiently, 'Water! Give me water!'

"She leaped to her feet, snatched up the child, and stood still. He spoke to her, and his passionate remonstrances only increased her fear of that strange man. I believe he spoke to her for a long time, entreating, wondering, pleading, ordering, I suppose. She says she bore it as long as she could. And then a gust of rage came over him.

"He sat up and called out terribly one word—some word. Then he got up as though he hadn't been ill at all, she says. And as in fevered dismay, indignation, and wonder he tried to get to her round the table, she simply opened the door and ran out with the child in her arms. She heard him call twice after her down the road in a terrible voice—and fled. . . . Ah! but you should have seen stirring behind the dull, blurred glance of these eyes the spectre of the fear which had hunted her on that night three miles and a half to the door of Foster's cottage! I did the next day.

"And it was I who found him lying face down and his body in a puddle, just outside the little wicket-gate.

"I had been called out that night to an urgent case in the village, and on my way home at daybreak passed by the cottage. The door stood open. My man helped me to carry him in. We laid him on the couch. The lamp smoked, the fire was out, and the chill of the stormy night oozed from the cheerless yellow paper on the wall. 'Amy!' I called aloud, and my voice seemed to lose itself in the emptiness of this tiny house as if I had cried in a desert. He opened his eyes. 'Gone!' he said distinctly. 'I had only asked for water—only for a little water. . . .'

"He was muddy. I covered him up and stood waiting in silence, catching a painfully gasped word now and then. They were no longer in his own language. The fever had left him, taking with it the heat of life. And with his panting breast and lustrous eyes he reminded me again of a wild creature under the net; of a bird caught in a snare. She had left him. She had left him—sick—helpless—thirsty. The spear of the hunter had entered his very soul. 'Why?' he cried in the penetrating and indignant voice of a man calling to a responsible Maker. A gust of wind and a swish of rain answered.

"And as I turned away to shut the door he pronounced the word 'Merciful!' and expired.

"Eventually I certified heart-failure as the immediate cause of death. His heart must have indeed failed him, or else he might have stood this night of storm and exposure, too. I closed his eyes and drove away. Not very far from the cottage I met Foster walking sturdily between the dripping hedges with his collie at his heels.

"Do you know where your daughter is?' I asked.

"Don't I!' he cried. 'I am going to talk to him a bit. Frightening a poor woman like this.'

"He won't frighten her any more,' I said. 'He is dead.'

"He struck with his stick at the mud.

"And there's the child."

"Then, after thinking deeply for a while—

"I don't know that it isn't for the best."

"That's what he said. And she says nothing at all now. Not a word of him. Never. Is his image as utterly gone from her mind as his lithe and striding figure, his carolling voice are gone from our fields? He is no longer before her eyes to excite her imagination into a passion of love or fear; and his memory seems to have vanished from her dull brain as a shadow passes away upon a white screen. She lives in the cottage and works for Miss Rigby. She is Amy Foster for everybody, and the child is 'Amy Foster's boy.' She calls him Johnny—which means little John.

"It is impossible to say whether this name recalls anything to her. Does she ever think of the past? I have seen her hanging over the boy's cot in a very passion of maternal tenderness. The little fellow was lying on his back, a little frightened at me, but very still, with his big black eyes, with his fluttered air of a bird in a snare. And looking at him I seemed to see again the other one—the father, cast out mysteriously by the sea to perish in the supreme disaster of loneliness and despair."

THE END.



Although severe on luckless knaves,
Whose sins he hears in court,
The judge his harsher manner waives
While sipping ancient port,

HIS WORSHIP'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

And when his wig is out of place
And jokes begin to flow,
Bet owns his grim old "hand"
Has got a killing eye.



When the hour's at its height and the fun's at the full,
The curtain withdraws on a figure new;
And we welcome the merry old man of Yule,
With the snow on his beard and the frost on his hair.

THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

He has good things in plenty for young and for old;
His wallet is ample, unfailing his store;
Right warm is his heart, though his aspect be grim,
And we never see sadness beyond his door.



Though owlish legislators hold
That sliding is a sin,
It is because they are too old
That sport to revel in.

JUSTICE ON THE HEELS OF CRIME
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Thus we deep draughts of comfort draw
When, on our frozen hill,
We see the minion of the law
Backsliding 'gainst his will.



The joys that Nares and Nansen found
On Polar expeditions bound,
Were no doubt wondrous keen ;

BOUND FOR THE NORTH POLE.
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

But ours, we're sure, exalt the soul
As much, when seeking for the Pole
Within our own demesne.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some anonymous benefactor lately sent me a small pamphlet descriptive of the wonders of "thought force." At first I imagined the brochure treated of some new views regarding the relations between thought and ordinary forms of energy, but on perusing its pages I found myself inveigled into the meshes of faith-healing and "Christian Science," so called. The pamphlet is the work of a lady practitioner of that system of healing. Needless to say, she is an American lady. The disciples of Mrs. Eddy, however, are not limited to the New World. I read of a noble lord and his family circle who have embraced Mrs. Eddy's doctrines, and who, judging by their published utterances, find much consolation therein. The basis of the creed, as set forth in this pamphlet—wherein, I may be permitted to add, the writer does not hide her light under a bushel—is that "thought" can control disease. The curious point is that it is not so much one's own thought which is believed to work miracles in the way of healing. On the contrary, the whole pamphlet is given up to extolling the particular powers of its writer. This school of medicine, in fact, is like every other medical body. It has its practitioners; and patients, discouraged from treating themselves, are advised and commanded to employ the thoughts of other persons by way of ridding them of their pains, aches, and ailments.

It is not necessary, I learn, that the healer should be nigh to the patient. I read in the pamphlet that "thought"—that is, of the healer—can be made to pass through space from one side of the earth to the other, if need be, so as to form a link with the patient's thoughts, and so to influence him in the way of cure. To use an Americanism, "this licks telepathy itself into fits." I discovered, of course, what I expected to find in the pamphlet—that almost all the cases the lady healer has treated were pronounced incurable by the "regular physicians." These poor, benighted doctors! they really have a good deal to put up with when all is said and done. Every quack who advertises his pills and potions publishes cases he says he has cured, and these cases are always stated to have been "given up by the doctors." I suppose when you are exploiting anything of this kind it is just as well to do it thoroughly. No half measures in the way of statements will serve to cause the public to buy the pills, or employ the thought-healer. It is rather hard on the regular faculty, all the same, to be twitted with inability to cure ailments which three boxes of "Perkin's Pills" or four bottles of "Arabian Syrup" have caused to vanish away.

But the "unkindest cut of all" in the pamphlet before me is the quotation of opinions, some of them those of medical men, declaring the inability of medical science to cope with disease in an adequate manner. I find Sir Astley Cooper quoted, for example, to this effect. But surely science has advanced since the days of that eminent surgeon, and also since the time of Gregory of Edinburgh, whose faith in medicine evidently belied the words attributed to him, seeing that he was the inventor of the admirable powder that bears his name. What doctors recognise is the difficulty which surrounds their art—difficulty always present when you have to deal with living beings. There is no mathematical certainty in medicine, and we are experimenters all, striving to deduce general laws from a multifarious collection of facts. And we have not done badly as things are. The records of medical science teach us that great and lasting advances have been made, with the result that diseases formerly regarded as hopeless are to-day brought within the range of cure. Witness the case of consumption alone; take those cases of brain trouble which the surgeon can remedy, and then let us cease from declaring that medicine, difficult art as it is, has stood still.

If the honest physician knows and admits that his science is not perfect, we need expect no such admission from the Christian Scientists or thought-healers. They never fail. Their practice is always successful. They have chained thought to their chariot-wheels, and they know not the meaning of the word "failure." I will make them a present of all their contentions, for the reason that faith is all, and fancy and imagination much, in the cases of their dupes. If I sustain a fracture of my leg, or suffer from valvular heart trouble, or am laid low with typhoid fever, I should not personally expect anybody to heal me by transmitting thought from a distance, or even by trying to cure me in this fashion from nigh at hand. I know, as a matter of fact, that these ailments have to run their course in the matter of the broken leg and the fever, and damaged heart-valves are not to be renewed merely by somebody else thinking about them, or by myself cogitating over them. There is, of course, the mystical element of this thought-cure in addition, which draws religion into its meshes. But here one may fail to follow the cant and the creed alike. I prefer rather to bear in mind the adage that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

After all, in most errors and superstitions one finds a nucleus of fact. I can see clearly enough the germ of the thought-healing creed. It is undeniable—this is science itself—that mind exercises a direct influence, varying in individuals, over the body. We have only to peruse the records of mental physiology to become fully aware of what is meant by the power of the will to effect curious and often startling bodily effects. Doctors do not neglect to take this factor into account in treating disease. If a patient be hopeful, cheerful, confident in his rallying powers, he will recover much sooner than a despondent sufferer. This is plain science; it is not thought-healing, but it is on this basis that the healer works. You will favour cure in many cases if you can impress your patient with hope. But to assume that we can abolish consumption or cure cancer in this way is a piece of self-deception as lamentable as it is mischievous.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

H. SALWAY.—Very acceptable, and we hope to find it all right.

W. BAKER.—You give no reason why No. 3007 appears impossible.

W. K.—Thanks for the slip, which we shall be glad to receive whenever convenient to you.

AIX-IA-CHAPELLE.—The British Chess Magazine. Address, 38, Park Cross Street, Leeds.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3001 received from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3005 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3006 from F. J. Candy (Tonbridge Wells), A. B. Nunes (Brook Green), Mrs. B. B. Candy (Geneva), T. Roberts, Francis A. Gardiner (Sevenoaks), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3007 from Mrs. B. B. (Geneva), Josephine Rowe, Edals, Q. E. H. (Bristol), J. W. (Campsie), Marco Salem (Bologna), M. Abdul Hafeez (Brighton), E. J. Winter Wood, H. Le Jeune, and F. J. Candy (Tonbridge Wells).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3008 received from: Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), T. Roberts, Reginald Gordon, E. J. Winter Wood, Alpha, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. W. Moore (Brighton), Frank Clarke (Bingham), F. Dalby, Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Charles Burnett (Biggleswade), T. Colledge Halliburton, C. M. A. B., and W. Draston.

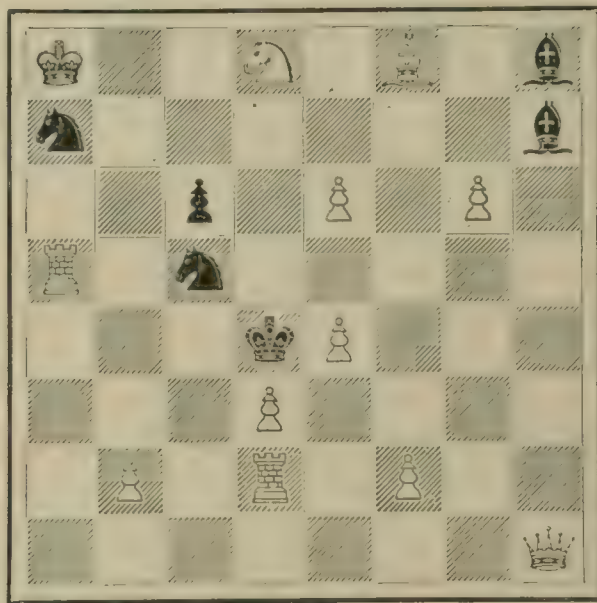
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3007.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6th K to B 4th
2. Kt to Kt 7th (ch) K moves
3. Kt or B mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. Kt (Q 6th) to B 7th (ch); if 1. Kt takes Kt or Kt to B 3rd, 2. Kt to K 6th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Kt to Kt 7th, and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3010.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. J. D. McKee and S. C. HURBELL.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. McK.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. McK.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Kt takes P	R to Kt 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	22. R to K sq	K to Kt 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	23. Q to R sq	R to Kt 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	24. P to Q B 4th	Kt to B 5th
6. Q to K 2nd	Q P takes B	25. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
7. B takes Kt	Kt to B 4th	26. R to K 4th	Kt to B 4th
8. P takes P	B to Q 2nd	27. R to B 4th	Kt to K 6th
9. R to Q sq	P takes P	28. P takes Kt	R takes R
10. P to K 6th	B to Q 3rd	29. P takes R	
11. Kt to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd		
12. Q to R 5th (ch)	Kt to Kt 2nd		
13. Kt takes Kt P	Kt to B 4th		
14. Q to R 6th	K R to Kt sq		
15. Q to R 3rd	R to Kt 2nd		
16. Q takes P	Q to Kt 3rd		
17. Q to R 5th			
18. Kt to K 5 (ch)			
19. Kt to Kt 4th			
20. Q takes Q			

White must exchange here. Black's pieces are so posted, bearing on the White King's side, that there is no safe alternative.

20. R takes Q	
21. P to K R 3rd	Q R to K Kt sq
22. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 4th
23. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 5th
24. B to B 4th	P to K 5th
25. B takes B (ch)	P takes B
26. Kt to B 4th	R to Kt 4th
27. Kt to K 3rd	R to B sq
28. Kt to K 2nd	B takes R P
29. Kt to Kt 3rd	

The net result is that White has the two passed Pawns on the King's side, and these ultimately prove his winning force.

30. R takes Kt	
31. K to B 2nd	R to Kt sq
32. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th
33. P takes P	P to Q 4th
34. K to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
35. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to Q Kt sq
36. P to K 4th	R takes P
37. R to K 4th	P to Kt 4th
38. P to K 5th	R to Kt 3rd
39. R takes R	R to K 3rd
40. K to K 4th	K takes R
	Resigns.

If K to B 2nd, P to R 3rd, K moves, P to Kt 4th, separating and capturing the two Black Pawns in a few moves.

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AT THE HOUR OF FLIGHT.

BY AN EAST ANGLIAN SPORTSMAN.

"They come over last night," said the fowler, as he handed the mallard and widgeon over for me to admire, "an' flytin' wunnerful low to my thinkin'."

I examined the birds carefully; they were in fine condition and full winter plumage, and as their owner restored them to the little safe fastened to the wall outside, I looked from the porch of his cottage over the wide waters of the estuary. The sky was heavy with grey clouds; the wind was coming in from the sea, and moaning as though in pain; there was a suggestion of snow in the air. To the left the land stretched away, vague and misty in the waning light; behind us were bare fields, and on the right the estuary met the main. An uninviting prospect at first sight, but pleasing enough to the wild-fowlers.

"Many guns out?" I asked him.

"Ye need be airy," he replied, divining my meaning, "an' stay where the fleet ends. If't be as how it's taken, try Wader's Creek."

Some four miles from the starting-place I dismount, and place the cycle under a disused shed, leaving Wasp in charge of it, while Ranger follows me along the near side of the sea-wall. The promise of the previous afternoon has been fulfilled, and snow is falling lightly; the water has a faint grey-green colour, and the tide is far out, leaving the ugly mud flats bare. I hurry along over the slippery ground, reach the little fleet that runs from the Marsh Farm to the sea, and establish myself on the far side of the sea-wall, just in time, for within ten minutes a fowler from the village appears suddenly and silently over the top of the wall, seeking the same place. He tells me that all the village gunners are turning out, and then hurries off to find the best spot left, leaving me to practise patience, the fowler's most useful gift. Behind me is the sea-wall, from which the fields stretch to the borders of the village three miles away; but less than a mile across the fields lies the decoy pond, now sheltering hundreds of mallard and duck, widgeon, teal, pin-tail, and other birds that will go out at dusk to seek their food beyond the estuary. The number of birds on the pond will vary between six and twelve hundred; they will go out in such quick succession at dusk that within ten minutes of the first departure the last bird will have left. As the weather is very cold, they will fly low, and if I have chosen my place well, a fair number will come within shot.

The place is very desolate. Such beauty as it boasts is born with the spring and passes with the autumn; the tone of land and seascape is what the sailors call wind-colour. I make myself an uneasy seat against the bank, and Ranger settles down at my feet, fully cognisant of his duties. Seagulls come in from the open waterway, and light upon the flats; feathery clouds of redshanks follow almost within shot, and shy curlew flit to and fro, uttering their curious cry, as though they resented a stranger's presence. Seaward, I can find no sign of ship; shoreward, there is no sign of man, though, of course, my view is restricted in part by the sea-wall. I had put a book in my jacket, but it is a trying task to hold it; I prefer to keep my hands in my pockets, away from the cold wind. Even the flight of the day can hardly be noted, for the depths of space are seemingly filled with grey cloud, and though the light changes the hour is not easily told. So, after looking everywhere for mental occupation, I load my gun, hollow out a little ledge by the side of the bank, put a dozen cartridges on it, and then try to stare the water out of countenance. Gradually as the ear breaks through the seeming silence, and hears the sounds that are eternal, I become conscious of the slow incoming of the tide. Some of the banks are losing their definition against the muddy sky-line; the tide itself takes the form of a dark ridge, marked here and there with patches of yellow spume. Curiously enough, it seems to remain stationary, and I wonder why I can trace no regular movement, until I become conscious that the falling of the twilight and the incoming of the waters are keeping pace one with another, so that the range of vision diminishes as the waters come nearer the shore.

On a sudden, in response to an instinct that is common to most men who follow shooting for sport or necessity, I grip my gun and stand up. Ranger rises at the same moment, moved by the same knowledge that came to me. He knew, as I knew, that the first flight of sea-birds had left the decoy a mile away, and was making its way to the main. I could not have seen anything; I had not heard a sound; the noise of the pinions could not have reached me, and yet the truth was quite clear to the two of us, and I turned round and faced the wall ready and eager. A minute or more passed, and two guns rang out simultaneously some quarter of a mile away to my left; a moment later I heard, felt, or knew—I cannot say which it was—that birds were approaching, and then the mallard and duck came over, twenty yards to the left, flying fast and low in formation like the letter V.

I know nothing of what followed, for the mind acted in unison with eye and hand without recording impressions; the wedge of wild-fowl was hurrying out of sight, one fine bird lay a couple of yards away stone dead, and Ranger was bringing one that had fallen on the treacherous mud that the tide would cover so soon. Four empty cartridges, lying in a little heap on the sand at my feet, showed me I had missed twice and hit twice, and I reloaded mechanically, listening for the next arrivals. A bunch of teal went past forty yards to the right of me, flying higher than the duck. I held my fire. More duck, almost in the path of the teal, and equally beyond range, then widgeon quite over my head going close together. The gun seemed to follow them of its own free will; three fell—two, I think, to one shot; by the time the third cartridge had sped they were beyond its reach. More widgeon, well away to the right, diverted doubtless by the firing; more shots from the direction of the creek, and then a profound peace as the evening resumed a silence broken only by the lapping of the tide. Darkness seemed to have fallen suddenly and heavily; a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the first flight and the last, and in that period I took no count of time.



Evil the name,
Evil the fame,
Of the dark tower;
There the winds howl,
There bat and owl
Build them a bower.

HAUNTED.
DRAWN BY GEORGES MONTEBARD.

Yonder, they say,
Once on a day
Troth-plight was given;
There now in pain,
Friend by friend slain
Wanders unshriven.

LADIES' PAGES.

The public interested in the medical education of women must feel that a grave crisis has been reached by the action of the medical men attached to the Macclesfield Infirmary. They have refused to continue to attend the infirmary patients if the Governors employ a lady house-surgeon. For this attitude there is absolutely no reason outside sex trades-unionism, so to speak; for the late house-surgeon, who was also a lady, left a high reputation behind her for the able discharge of her duties. The Governors state as to the retiring one, Miss Ross, that "in her they had a lady of the highest attainments, who worked with a great amount of discretion, and with exceeding ability from every point of view, diligence and conscientiousness." As to the incoming lady, whose dismissal the male doctors demand, they have no word to say to her disadvantage either; she was engaged for a year, and has been there but one month, and there is absolutely nothing against her except that she is a woman. The doctors suggest that a lady doctor ought not to attend to some of the men's cases; but this is an argument that cuts both ways, and cannot hold while men attend to the most delicate cases of women. One of the trustees urged very reasonably that the infirmary management did not wish to fight out the question of sex in the practice of medicine. But in effect they cannot help their attitude greatly affecting this point, for if the men win by this display of trades-union force, and under these circumstances, managers of other institutions will not feel at liberty to appoint lady doctors to such posts. In fact, the Stockton Hospital Board, having only the applications of two lady graduates in medicine before them, have already decided to advertise again for their house-surgeon for fear of having a repetition of the Macclesfield men doctors' strike. Up to the present the Macclesfield Governors have refused to dismiss Miss Clark, and she has refused to resign; so the strike continues. Work in a hospital is the completion of a thorough medical education; it will be very disadvantageous for women to lose this opportunity.

This is the season for children's party frocks. The younger members of the family are best dressed with great simplicity. Their little evening dresses, like their day ones, should fall from the shoulders, and be belted only slightly, if at all, round the waist. For children under ten years old, there can be nothing more becoming, as well as hygienic, than an accordion-pleated dress in light silk, crepon, nun's veiling, or some other fabric that has neither weight nor stiffness, hanging from a yoke that may be trimmed with lace and finished along with a twist of ribbon, but otherwise untrimmed. There is grace in the childish freedom that such a frock allows, and there is no loss, as the unformed contours of a young child, if defined by the dress, do not add to its artistic appearance. It is equally mistaken to trammel the child by making the frock too long, though it should fall



A GOWN IN GREY SNOWFLAKE TWEED.

rather lower when it is set loose from a yoke than when it is belted in at the waist. Older girls generally have a fancy for more of a formed dress, and this can be indulged without any compression. The fashionable style of making our own dresses—namely, a yoke, from which turns down the underbodice, a fancy collar to pass round the shoulders, the bodice full on to the yoke and gathered into the waist under a narrow belt, applies excellently to children's party frocks. The yoke can have a collar beneath it, round the shoulders; of either lace or embroidery. A pretty frock of this make had the yoke trimmed with longwise rows of white satin ribbon, and the collar round the shoulders of string-coloured lace, the material being pale blue soft silk. The skirt had two narrow flounces of its own material, each headed with a line of white satin ribbon like that on the yoke. Another frock in cream nun's veiling was supplied with a collar of lace and a yoke of red silk gathered closely, the belt being of the same silk, with long sash-ends at the back. Little girls all now have long or elbow sleeves and high necks—there is often not a collar round the throat, but the dress is not cut in the least low. This is far more sensible than the old fashion of dressing girls, and I should not wonder if it alone accounted for a considerable part of that improved longevity of our sex which the statisticians tell us is a fact. Hundreds of little girls must have taken fatal colds with the low-necked frocks that once were worn, even during every day, and invariably at parties in the most inclement season of the year.

Girls at the "betwixt and between" age, which Longfellow poetically describes as "standing where the brook and river meet," are more difficult to dress than the tiny sisters, for their long limbs and unexpected outlines are disconcerting, and often their own whims demand an approach to grown-up attire in preference to the childish looseness. But it ought to be firmly impressed on them that at that growing time it is even more needful for their own healthy and beautiful development to avoid any compression of the figure than it is earlier—and far more important than it will be in a few years' time. The notion of its being necessary to help to "form the figure" by stays firmly drawn in at the waist is an error, as any doctor will tell us. The waist will come naturally as the hips grow to their full size, and in her own interests the girl in her early teens should be persuaded to let the weight of her dress depend chiefly from her shoulders, and be tied in but loosely at the waist-line. Sashes are fortunately fashionable for evening dress for grown-up girls, so their younger sisters need not object to the becoming folded silk round the waist, and long ends falling behind. Artificial flowers are always a great addition to a smart appearance, and a few may well be placed upon the party frock of the young maiden, near the throat at any rate. If it is to be a party of all ages, where some lively games will be played for the benefit of the younger visitors, flowers on the skirt will be rather a bore, needing attention not to crush or pull them off; but if it be a school friends' party, at which all will probably be about the same age, and

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dancing will form the chief attraction, a trail of blossoms from the left side of the shoulder to the flounce or hem is a great addition to the girl's gown. Flowers are worn in the hair, too, by big girls, and a pretty fan is valued by the dressy little maiden.

There are alternative ways besides the Christmas-tree of giving the young visitors at Christmas parties souvenirs of the occasion. Some very particular mothers object to drawing lots for presents, on the ground that it is a first step towards loving the dangers of Monte Carlo in the far distance. It is not, of course, necessary to distribute the gifts by lot in the case of a Christmas-tree. At the celebrated party given by the late Queen to the children of the men at the front, the lovely tree, all lit up as if magically by the electric light amid the branches, had its useful and pleasant fruit distributed by the kind hands of the Princesses and other helpers without the interposition of any chance. But if lots are not to be drawn, it is perhaps better to have each child's gift made personally by some device. The simplest that I know is the gipsy's cave, set up with travelling-rugs or gay-coloured Austrian blankets in the corner of a room, having a mysterious veiled sibyl in its interior to hand the gifts one by one. If it be wished to have a special present for each child, they can be sent in to the dimly lighted cave according to the first letter of their surnames, and the parcels being similarly arranged, it is easy for the presiding genius to find the right package. Other devices are a gaily decorated wheelbarrow, from which the sons of the house bring forth the wrapped-up presents; or a sack carried in on the back of some kind elder brother, who dresses up with white wig and beard as Father Christmas. Where the children are dancing, the usual figures of a cotillon may be utilised for the distribution of gifts. In any case, it is best to make the presents quite late in the evening, as it always gives a great flicker to the interest.

Among the presents, any number of pretty cases and bags of chocolates are sure to be welcomed. Messrs. Cadbury, whose manufacture hardly needs the commendation that everybody so well knows already it deserves, have made a special feature of such pretty gifts this year. They have some delightful bags in Japanese crepe paper, with pretty floral designs and draw-strings, filled with eating-chocolates, at sixpence each. Then there are boxes, at the same modest price, with charming covers of different patterns, all daintily tied round and sealed with the firm's name, that is in itself a guarantee of excellence. Messrs. Cadbury's goods are all manufactured at their own place, and its conditions are so healthy and well thought-out for the benefit of both public and workers that it is known as "the model village"—a great comfort in eating their chocolates or drinking their pure and nourishing cocoa and chocolate. The large boxes, so suitable for New Year's presents to ladies, are, if possible, more exquisite than ever this year, and fit to be used as fancy-work holders, card-boxes, photograph repositories, and so forth, in the drawing-



A WINTER OUTDOOR COSTUME.

room after the toothsome contents are disposed of in the proper fashion.

Now the sales are beginning to display their overpowering attractions of great bargains. For those women with good judgment in buying the sales do indeed form a real opportunity. This is especially true of the sales at the great houses, where it is indispensable to be rid of the season's stock in order that a new one of unfailing freshness may be brought in ready for the next turn of the weather. There are some things that are always worth buying. At the present time, good lace, real or fine imitation, must be included among such fine trophies; it is useful on every gown and cloak, and shows no sign of diminishing in popularity. Trimmings are often very usefully stored away as bargains; a little ingenuity will make a length that has been picked up cheaply available for a coming dress at half the cost of going forth to buy at the moment that it is wanted. Of course, to the very wealthy woman such considerations do not appeal. Even to them, however, the charms of the reduced Paris model gown or coat may call with effect. The prices paid by the great houses to the Paris designers are exorbitant; the garment has a style that is needed to set the tone of taste in the London atelier, and it must be had at any price. After it has served this purpose, it is still as good as new in many cases, for such lovely things are treated with due respect; and they are sold in the sales for a fraction of what they cost—though expensive enough still, no doubt—but a fifty-guinea gown for sixteen or eighteen is worth consideration. All made-up articles the fashion of which is likely to alter are good purchases, provided one can use them soon enough not to have them go old-fashioned on one's hands. Messrs. Peter Robinson's great houses are among those to which a clearance of stock periodically is a necessity, and they are always prepared with many genuine bargains, especially at the beginning of the sale, when the wise woman makes the first choice. This year, the opening day is Dec. 30. It is best to go personally if possible, but country ladies can obtain a catalogue by post. The model gowns at the Regent Street house (Nos. 252 to 264) are very fine indeed. The supply of black ones is unusually large at this house, both in silks, in zibeline, and other cloths, and in evening frocks in crepe-de-Chine and sequin and other light fabrics, and embroidered designs. These are reduced for the sale to less than half their original cost.

Useful and practical are the gowns illustrated; the first is in grey snow-flake tweed, so suitable for the season. It is piped with light grey, and finished prettily with little groups of silver buttons. The hat is a grey felt, trimmed with black velvet and a buckle of silver. Black velvet is responsible also for collar and cuffs. Our other illustration is of a winter outdoor costume. FILOMENA.

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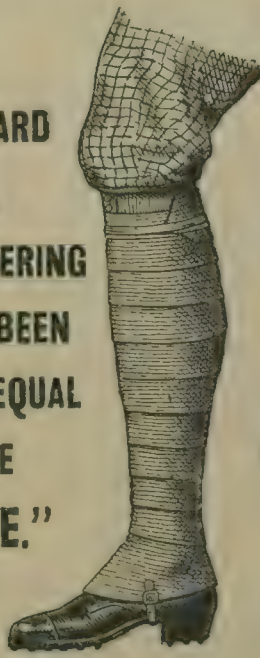
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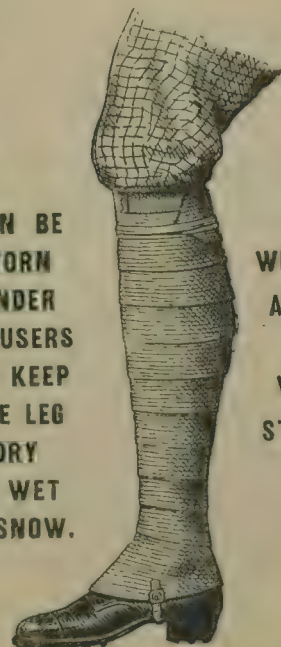
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NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE

EXTREMES.'

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MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse*.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. It is left to you to find out why your ears are bored."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A remarkable service in connection with foreign missions will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday evening, April 22. The Junior Clergy Association of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has asked the similar body belonging to the Church Missionary Society to unite with them in a common act of prayer and thanksgiving. The service will be open to the whole diocese, and the Bishop of London will preach. The arrangements are in the hands of the Foreign Missions Committee of the London Diocesan Conference, of which Prebendary Ridgeway is chairman, and the Rev. E. A. Stuart the secretary.

The Bishop of Durham is now settled at Auckland Castle, where he will remain until he comes to town for the opening of Parliament.

The Archbishop of York, who has been resting for some weeks by the advice of his doctors, has much improved in health, and was able to pay a short visit to the Primate and Mrs. Temple at Canterbury.

The appointment of Bishop Welldon to the Westminster Canonry has been received with warm approval by the Anglican Press. The Bishop is still far from well, and is recruiting his strength at Eastbourne. He will not only be a great addition to the pulpit force of London, but his influence should help to awaken interest in Indian missions. It is a happy coincidence that two such Bishops

as Dr. Montgomery and Dr. Welldon should settle in London at the same time.

The first appointment of the new Bishop of Durham was that of the Rev. W. D. Shepperd to the living of the Venerable Bede's, Gateshead. Mr. Shepperd was for sixteen years a curate in the diocese. His father, the late Rev. J. P. Shepperd, was for many years a leading Evangelical Vicar in Preston.

The people of St. Margaret's Church, Prince's Road, Liverpool, are about to present the Bishop-designate of Worcester with his episcopal ring. Cannon Gore wrote to Mr. Bell-Cox asking that the ring might be perfectly plain, and expressing his appreciation of the kindness which prompted the gift.

The *Church Times* notes that the subscriptions for the Liverpool Cathedral are increasing with pathetic slowness. "Little more than £150,000 has been promised, and only £50,000 is actually in hand." Surely these figures are wonderfully encouraging when we consider that the country is still under war taxation. Liverpool's Cathedral will not be built in a day, but a satisfactory beginning has been made.

Professor Collins, who is going out to Jamaica at the end of the year, has undertaken to conduct parochial missions in various parts of the country, and also a retreat for clergy. Professor Collins has long been known as a very popular speaker to London working men, and has

been in close touch with the various heads of Oxford House. At King's College he was a most successful teacher.

The Rev. Thomas Gurney has been instituted as Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Clifton. The Bishop of Bristol delivered an address in which he remarked that the new Vicar would not lead the parishioners into any extremes. He deprecated attacks being made by one body in the Church of England on another, and urged that opposition should be directed against open and avowed opponents rather than fellow-members in the same communion. There is every prospect that Mr. Gurney will carry on successfully the work of the late Canon Brenan, the former Vicar of the parish.

The Bishop of London has been preaching every Sunday during Advent. On the Sunday before Christmas Day he gave an address in St. Mark's, Marylebone, on the question, "Why am I a Churchman?" Another Advent afternoon address was delivered in Camden Town parish church, when the Bishop's subject was Thrift, as associated with Temperance. His lordship said he had often seen the sad picture of a young man dragged down by drink, and his home, which when it was started was a little ante-room to heaven, which would not be exchanged for any other place in England, become neglected and sordid. He warned his hearers against making a religion of their temperance or their thrift, and stopping there. These virtues were not sufficient without a true, spiritual religion.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

A pretty combination of sentiment, fun, and fancy is the Vaudeville's "musical dream" play, "Blue-Bell in Fairyland." Really pleasant, though owing much to "Rip Van Winkle" and "Alice in Wonderland," is Mr. Seymour Hicks's story of the Drury Lane flower-girl dreaming that after perilous adventures she releases a spellbound "Sleepy King" and waking to find herself and her orphan sisters befriended by a rich philanthropist. No need to tell how picturesque Miss Ellaline Terriss looks in Blue-Bell's shabby frock, how feelingly she warbles, "Only a penny, Sir," over her violets, how gracefully she romps in Fairyland. No need to insist how quaint is Mr. Hicks's impersonation of a Cockney bootblack, how agreeable his Rip Van Winkle scene of the awakened monarch, how amusing his burlesques of four prominent actors. Meantime, plenty of mirth is occasioned by young George Hersee as a magic cat, and by Messrs. Murray King and Sidney Harcourt as Tweedledum and Tweedledee schoolboys; an abundance of spirited choruses is contained in Mr. Slaughter's melodious score; and the supply of handsome dresses, fine scenery, and vivacious dancing should satisfy the most exacting youngsters.

"THE SWINEHERD AND THE PRINCESS," AT THE ROYALTY.

Unfortunate in some at least of their interpreters, the Royalty playwrights, Messrs. Alfred England and Avalon Collard, who have dramatised Hans Andersen's famous story of "The Swineherd and the Princess," have been

unfortunate in their adaptation. They have been too careless of preserving the poetry and sentiment of the original—it is the pretty fable of the Princess who rejected for a trifle a royal suitor and gladly accepted this same Prince in the guise of a swineherd, and they have overlaid their play with tedious comic business, notably with the puns and quips of a *roi fainéant* who distorts Shakspearean quotations. But even the few charming moments of the "musical tale" are spoilt by the mistake of selecting Miss Phyllis Broughton, a soubrette and a dancer (she contributes some clever dances), for the rôle of the Princess. Miss Decima Moore as the Swineherd Prince does much by her refined acting and artistic singing of Mr. Carl St. Amory's uneven music to make amends, but Mr. Herz's thin comedy style in the part of the King scarcely conceals the adaptation's tenuity and dullness.

"MOROCCO BOUND," REVIVED AT THE COMEDY.

There is still plenty of rollicking fun and slightly vulgar vivacity in "Morocco Bound," almost the earliest of our musical comedies. With Mr. J. L. Shine and Mr. Charles Danby able to resume their original parts of the Irish adventurer, "Spoof" ah Bey, who dabbles in company-promoting, and the victimised North-Country squire, who wants to see the harem, and to show a contrast of light and broad comedy methods, the revival of Mr. Arthur Branscombe's piece should, at the Comedy Theatre, be secure of popular favour. True, Miss Letty Lind, with her clever mimicry and dainty chansonnettes, does not reappear, but her place is more than capably filled by Miss Kitty Loftus, most saucy and dashing of soubrettes, who sings with delightfully high spirits. Mr. Fred Storey, too, is at

hand to play—unexceptionably—quite a new rôle for him, that of a foolish young nobleman; while Mr. Osmond Carr's sprightly score is still an unfailing source of delight.

"THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

"The Toreador" still continues the merriest musical comedy in town—one long series of gay songs, brisk dances, bright choruses, and funny episodes. Miss Florence Collingbourne has now returned to the Gaiety cast, and resumes the rôle of the girl who dresses up as a boy to keep off her friend's supposed unwelcome suitor. Miss Collingbourne's capital singing, and Mr. Edmund Payne's wonderful dancing and delightfully comic picture of the dismayed lackey mistaken for a toreador, are the best of numberless entertaining features, in which, of course, Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton's exhilarating music is of especial service.

"KITTY GREY'S" NEW HEROINE AT THE APOLLO.

At the Apollo Theatre the musical version of "Kitty Grey" has developed into a great success, and that success is only enhanced by Miss Ada Reeve's joining an already admirable company. This popular little lady, who replaces Miss Evie Green in the title-rôle, adorns the character of the good-natured actress with all her own charming vivacity, and sings her music, especially a new and piquant ditty, entitled "Why?" with sparkling intelligence. The beauty of Miss Edna May, who is now given a fresh and acceptable song, styled "Sweet Seventeen," the pleasant vocalisation of Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and Mr. Huntley's droll representation of a fatuous peer remain as popular as ever.

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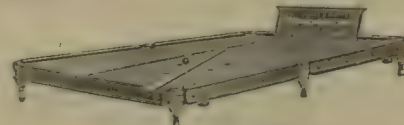
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The literal truth of this statement was demonstrated recently in an interesting and very forcible manner.

Pugno, the celebrated French pianist and the head of the piano department in the Paris Conservatory, was visiting a gentleman in whose house there was a Pianola. The instrument was in the room next to the one in which M. Pugno was being entertained. Entirely unaware of the presence of the great pianist, the son of the host began playing the

Maurice Moszkowski

Pianola. The piece he had selected was a very difficult composition of Chopin's, and Pugno, after the opening chords, ceased talking and began listening to the music with every evidence of interest and pleasure. He could not see the performer and did not know there was a Pianola in the house, but he could hear and was attracted by the music.

When the playing had ceased, he immediately turned to his host and said: "Who was that playing? He is really a remarkable performer."

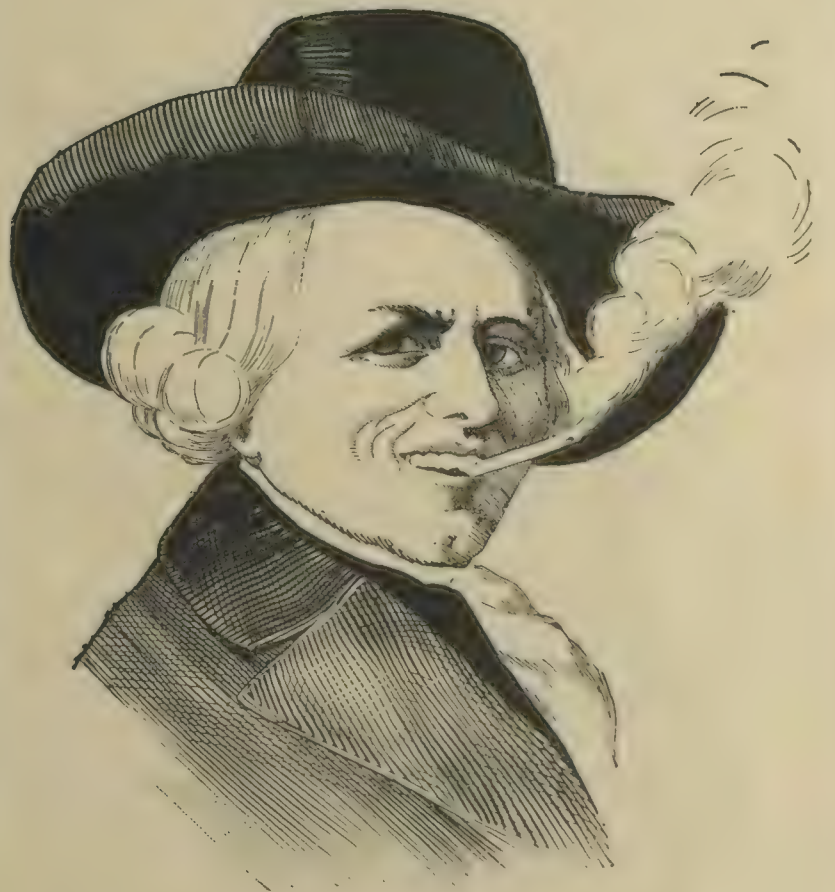
Raoul Pugno

To appreciate the full significance of this wonderful tribute to the Pianola, we must remember that Pugno is not only a player of international reputation—he is a teacher of the piano, and at the head of this department of instruction in the largest conservatory in the world. He is accustomed and his ear is trained to listen for every slightest defect in touch, technique, and expression. It is his business to do this. And yet he not only did not know that he was listening to the performance of an automatic instrument but, on the contrary, he said that the player was a wonderfully fine performer.

The young man who played for Pugno was not a musician, and he only did what anyone can do with a Pianola after a few simple lessons.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1895) of Mr. Harry Woodward, of 15, John Street, Bedford Row, and The Hawthornes, Bromley, solicitor, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Elizabeth Addis Woodward, the widow, Richard Woolcombe and Robert Loveband Fulford, the executors, the value of the estate being £99,507. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; 50 guineas each to Richard Woolcombe and Robert Loveband Fulford; £100 to his daughter Cecily, and legacies to clerks and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1901) of Mr. Bernhard Charles Hirsch, of 72, Fellows Road, South Hampstead, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Susannah Hirsch, the widow, Alfred John Hirsch, and Charles Theodore William Hirsch, the nephews, and Siegfried Bendit, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £87,112. The testator gives £400 and his leasehold house, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; £1000 to his nephew Alfred John; £750 to his nephew Charles Theodore William; £2500 to his niece Gretchen Veitch; £300 to Siegfried Bendit; £300 to Emma Payne; and the income, for life, of 75,000 Italian lire 5 per cent. Obligations to Berthe Humbert. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or an annuity of £300 should she again marry. Subject thereto, he gives £22,000 to his nephew Charles

Theodore William; £33,000, upon trust, for his nephew Alfred John for life, and then as to one moiety for his nephew Charles Theodore William, and the other moiety to follow the trusts of his (the testator's) residuary estate; £1000 to his niece Gretchen Veitch; £2000 to the North London Consumption Hospital; £1000 each to the North-Eastern Hospital for Children (Hackney Road) and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street) for the endowment of a cot; and the ultimate residue to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1896), with two codicils (dated March 4, 1898, and Oct. 24, 1901), of Mr. Alexander Anderdon Weston, of 60, Cromwell Road, S.W., and Holme Grange, Wokingham, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 13 by Mrs. Isabella Frances Weston, the widow, Arthur Francis Anderdon Weston, the son, and Charles Plumptre Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,802. The testator gives £500 and his furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, to his wife; £500 to his son; £100 each to his sisters-in-law, Catherine Milman and Constance Angelina Milman; £100 each to Major Charles Samuel Weston, Mrs. Mabel Nash, Miss Lilian Hawker, Mrs. Helen Rose Crofton, Violet Milman, and Charles Plumptre Johnson; and a legacy to his coachman Jones. The residue of his property he leaves, on trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of the trust disposition and

settlement and codicils (dated Nov. 30, 1891, Oct. 21, 1892, Jan. 7, 1893, two of Sept. 27, 1895, March 30, 1896, and Oct. 20 and Dec. 20, 1900) of Alan Plantagenet, tenth Earl of Galloway, K.T., of Cumloden, Newtown Stewart, Galloway House, Wigtown, and 17, Upper Grosvenor Street, who died on Feb. 7, granted to Colonel the Hon. Walter John Stewart, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £46,890.

The will (dated June 19, 1899) of Mr. John Reid Thomson, of 36, Highbury Grove, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 3 by Mrs. Mary Hannah Thomson, the widow, George Henry Alexander, and James Allen, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,410. The testator gives £5300 and his household furniture to his wife; £1000 and £500, upon trust, for his daughter; £500 each to Elizabeth Watson, Mary Emma Watson, and George Thomas Keele; £200 each to Mary Ellen Keele, Harriet Theodosia Atkin, and Stephen William Watson, and £100 each to George Henry Alexander and James Allen. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and on her decease he gives £500 each to the Great Northern Central Hospital, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter; and the ultimate residue between Elizabeth Watson, Mary Emma Watson,

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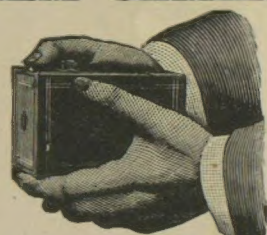
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The will (dated Feb. 17, 1900) of Mr. Richard Pope Jeston, J.P., retired surgeon, of Henley-on-Thames, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Nov. 30 at the Oxford District Registry by Alexander Hall Carrington, William Mercer, and Harry Rowsell Blaker, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,750. The testator devises his freehold residence in Bell Street and three freehold cottages in Bell Lane to his niece Elizabeth Myra Jeston Carrington, but charged with the payment of £100 per annum to his sister Anne Lockett, for life. He gives £1000 to his nephew George Carrington Hodges; £1000 for the purchase of an annuity for his nephew Henry Richard Hodges; certain plate and pictures to Mrs. Carrington; and the remainder of his household

furniture, etc., to his niece Maud Geraldine Secretan. The residue of his property he leaves as to three tenths each to his nieces Mrs. Carrington and Maud Geraldine Secretan; two tenths to his nephew Charles Robert Hodges; and two tenths to the children of his late nephew James Hodges.

The will (dated July 13, 1899) of Captain John Manly Arbuthnot, third Lord Keane, of 34, Wilton Place, S.W., who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Dec. 13 by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Langford Brooke, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £11,789. The testator bequeaths his guns, pistols, whips, sticks, canes, and cabinets to the Prince of Wales; his regimental canteen to Sir John Keane, Bart.; and £100 each to his butler, Frederick Hawkins, his housekeeper, Annie Munro, and his housemaid, Mary Fowles. The residue of his property he

leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then in equal shares for Mrs. Kathleen Mary Eleanor Morris and Lilian Langford Brooke.

From Messrs. Cassell and Co. comes the volume of the *Magazine of Art*, with Greuzes, examples from the Wallace Collection, the Glasgow Exhibition, the Guildhall, and Burlington House. A little further from the beaten track are the reproductions of Mrs. Adrian Stokes's work. Some very good specimens of colour-printing are given; and Professor Herkomer writes of his own enamel portrait of the Kaiser. There is a plate of Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Alexandra; and loyalty is further represented by an article on "Queen Victoria and Art," and a hint of the great things to be expected for art by "the virile reign of Edward VII."

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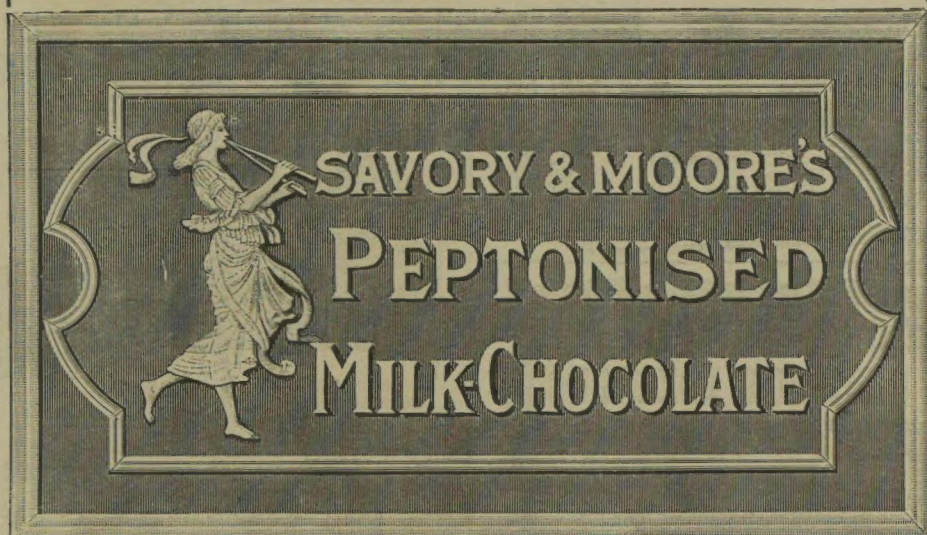
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Illustrated London News, Dec. 28th, 1901.



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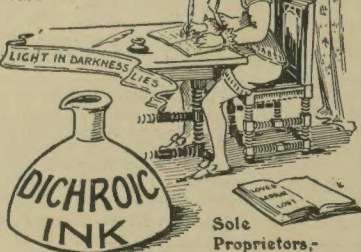
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